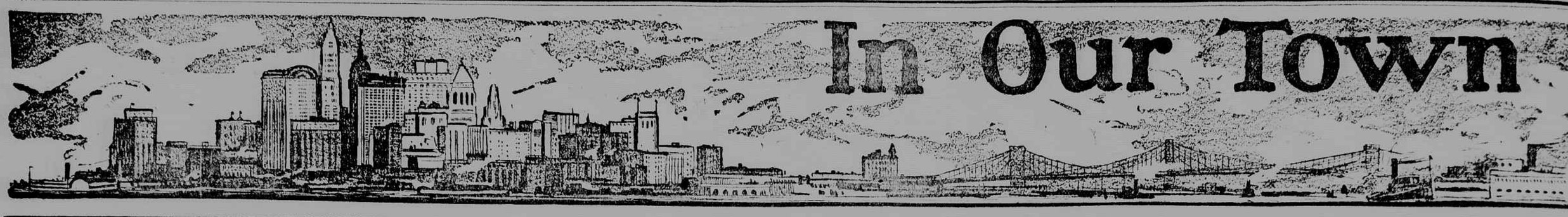


On Daddies' Day

FATHERS' DAY has come in for its full share of publicity within the last few years. Its observance is a solemn occasion, with the reverence due one's paternal ancestor as the keynote of the formalities. Ministers preach sermons citing Biblical examples of true filial love and the reward thereof; the children's page in the Sunday newspaper tells the story of one of the nation's great men who won his position through his consistent respect for his father; and each of the kiddies coming home from the infants' class at Sunday school wears a pink carnation—or is it a yellow chrsanthemum?—as the emblem of respect for the man who slaves for him in office or factory some three hundred-odd days a year.

With all due respect for Fathers' Day, with its appeal to the youngsters to give a thought to father, it still must be said that that yearly event is out of the race for popularity when Daddies' Day steps in. Now Daddies' Day isn't a full twenty-four-hour-day; in fact, it lasts for little over two hours. But it comes around fifty-two days in the year, which accounts in part for its importance. You've never seen Daddies' Day observed? Take a stroll down Riverside Drive some Sunday

morning, or through Central Park, or up at the Zoo, and you'll see what those few Sabbath morning hours mean to hundreds of papas all over the city.

For Sunday morning is the only time that father is the sole guardian of his children—unless it be when they are fast asleep in bed and mother steps out to see the last episode of the latest thriller at the neighborhood movies. Tradition has it that Sunday dinner must have a roast and fancy dessert and at least one extra course. With mother deeply engrossed in preparation of the coming meal she is only too glad to hand over to father the responsibility of keeping the youngsters out of mischief. In her absorption in her culinary achievements she has only an absent-minded warning to be sure not to let Johnny sit on damp stone walls, as she gives a straightening tug to the peak of her young son's recalcitrant cowlick—and then father and son are off for two hours of manly companionship, uninterrupted by any feminine intrusions.

"How fast can that battleship go?" the small boy on the Drive asks his mother as they take the air on a Saturday morning. Or "Why doesn't that swan get wet when it sticks its head right under the water?" is the question with which little Tommie perplexes his mother as they sit on the edge of the lake in Central Park.

"Oh, very fast, I guess; but don't look out there at the river. Look where you're going, so you won't stumble and tear a hole in the knees of those new stockings," or "I don't know; I suppose he's just made that way. Now, come along, we have to do some shopping and can't stop any longer," is the entirely unsatisfactory reply which small John or Tom receives on Monday or Tuesday, or, in fact, on any of the last six days of the week.

But on Sunday there is real enthusiasm in the young voice as the same inquiry is put to father, for a perfectly satisfactory explanation is sure to be forthcoming. Small son learns that a battleship can go twenty knots an hour and that a knot is the sailor's word for a distance somewhat longer than a mile. Or he hangs with interest on father's word as he tells about the grease that makes a goose such good eating and incidentally makes the water roll off him in that most convenient manner.

Father hears what son is going to be when he grows up to be a man, and son listens fascinated to father's story of his early struggles to make money to buy shoes and ice cream and the big red automobile to delight the heart of his youthful offspring. Then, if ever, comes the perfect companionship between the men of two generations for which the rush of business leaves so little during the week.

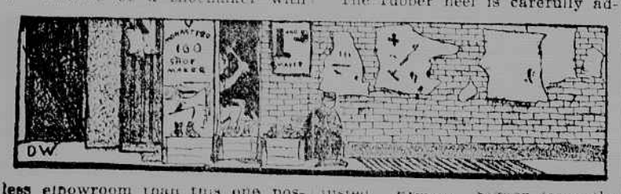
Monday morning and Monday afternoon, Tuesday morning and Tuesday afternoon, all through six days of the week the city's parks present a distinctly feminine appearance—mothers and aunts, maids and governesses with their young charges in carriages and kiddie carts. Even the youngsters who chance to be boys do not puncture the vision with a masculine touch, for their bright garments are distinctly harmonious with the atmosphere produced by the predominating sex.

But the men come into their own on Sunday. From out of the canyons of Wall Street which hem them in six days a week, from out of the Fifth Avenue shops or the shore-front factories they come. Fathers all, they dominate the landscape in the parks. And there is obvious satisfaction on each young face, safe in the sense of security that there is no nurse to contradict, no mother to argue with; contentment is complete.

Father is glorying in the companionship of the true Daddies' Day.

The Tiniest Shoe Shop

IN WEST THIRTIETH STREET, not far from the police station, is located the tiniest cobbler shop in town. Perhaps it isn't the tiniest, either, but it would be hard to conceive of a shoemaker with



less elbowroom than this one possesses.

The boss is not much given to small talk, but he is thankful, no doubt, that his place is in New York and not in Chicago. The back wall is so near the entrance that a visitor really doesn't know whether he is in or out.

Some of the new-fangled hurry-up cobblers always have a crowd of curious watching the operation of putting on a half sole while you wait. But at the window of our petite bootery one small boy obscures the light, and the proprietor-boss-workman says "Scapa!" and the lad "scapas."

The rubber heel is carefully adjusted. Presto! Signor locks the door with the broken pane and wonders when he'll have "da beega shop."

In some small Harlem apartments when the lady of the flat wishes to change her mind it is necessary to go into the hall. This Knight of St. Crispin, realizing the importance of time, seldom changes his mind during business hours.

Therefore, he is seldom seen except in the little shop, where he sticks to his last and dreams.

You Know New York, But—

Do You Know These Glimpses of It?

3

YOU are right for once when you guess that this is one of the 10,000,000,000 Colonial houses in which General Washington had his headquarters in the Revolution. But do you know that the battle in this instance was one that raged from Harlem Heights to Fort Washington? You may have noticed the house if you are a baseball fan, for it is the Jumel Mansion, perched above the Polo Grounds on Coogan's Bluff. Aaron Burr lived here when, in his declining years, he was smitten with the fascinating Mme. Jumel.

Photograph and text by Charles Phelps Cushing.

Waiting at the Rendezvous

IN the country where, according to the story books, there are talkative birds and scented drifts of evening air to love in, every tree or fork in the road or edge of a stream is a trysting place. A young man calls up his love and says, "Meet me at the eighth tree from the Hopkins path, just beyond the poison ivy." When they go to this eighth tree they are alone, unless they bring a chaperone, or her little brother follows her, in hope of picking up some hush money. This little brother stuff is not original with the author.

If a fellow in the city tries to meet his girl at some bench in Central Park—they can't go near a tree without walking on the grass, and that is punishable by one of two things, or both—he finds a young convention at the bench. He would have difficulty picking out his girl from the crowd, unless he knew her very well. Usually, a boy hates to go to a girl's house and get looked over by her relatives. Even if they are pleasant and courteous, he has the feeling of being looked at entirely too much. The lobby of a theater is as good a place as any in which to meet a girl, but the unfortunate part of that is the costly fact that the young man must have purchased tickets.

This, by hurried elimination, more literary than logical, leaves no trysting place but the front of Perry's drug store. Men who met their girls by the brownstone, glassy front, just off the approach to Brooklyn Bridge, are entertaining grandchildren at their golden wedding, if these grandchildren are not meeting other grandchildren in front of Perry's drug store.

"Meet me in front of Perry's drug store" is the lay of love to love. From the front of the store, where the boys and girls stand lined up night after night, with hopeful, straining eyes, the united couples go uptown, or over to Brooklyn, or to Staten Island. Some go to theaters, some to parks, some go and get married. Occasionally a pair with a startled look and a suitcase meet and steal away from the front of Perry's, elopeward bound.

Sometimes the drug store atmosphere drifts out from the inside of Perry's and some girl whose love hasn't appeared is willing to take something just as good.

During the war the waiting girls were predominant, especially on Saturday. Young men in nearby camps would come in on twenty-four-hour passes and rush from the Pennsylvania depot or the Long Island Railway depot at Atlantic Avenue over to the front of Perry's. After a time the whole feminine personnel in front of Perry's would be changed, showing that more transports had sailed.

A youth named Curry went away with the 27th Division after having met a girl named Edith in front of Perry's weekly for two years. He helped break the Hindenburg line, but at St. Souplet, fifteen days later, he was gassed, like most other survivors. Being temporarily blinded and badly burned, he didn't write much to anybody.

When he got well he planned a big surprise. He would call up the girl from the demobilization camp and arrange to meet her in front of Perry's, sudden-like. He had never been sure that she loved him. In fact, although long friends, they hadn't talked about that much, because he had been making only $23 a week at a union scale which now pays $45.

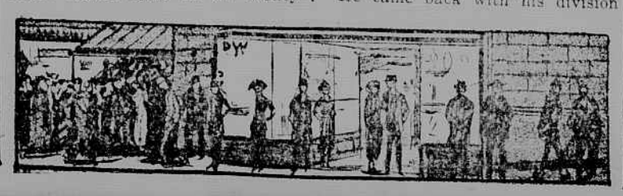
He came back with his division and called her up one sunny Saturday morning from Camp Merritt. Somebody at the house—he was too disappointed and gulpy to ask who—told him she wasn't in.

He managed to be one of the 50 per cent given twenty-four-hour passes. The most natural place in the world for him to go was to the front of Perry's, because he was acutely in love. He decided against it, as being weak-kneed, and thought that he would just wander down Park Row. Starting from the camp, he crossed to New York on the Fort Lee ferry, taking the subway from Manhattan Street downtown, alighted at the Park Place station and walked over.

He strolled passed Perry's, feeling like the first time he had heard a minnenwerfer talk of death over his head. A girl standing on the curb in front of the store saw him, gasped and became pale, weak and kissing.

The boy was a dreamer. He told her that he would marry her, because she had made the front of Perry's their shrine and had come to worship their love. He didn't give her a chance to say a word; he just kissed her violently right in front of the heavy midday traffic.

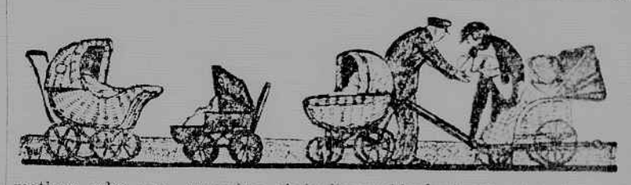
Maybe, in after years, when he isn't always blocking her remarks with kisses, she might tell him that she was waiting for Joe Daly, who worked in a shipyard and had been in Class 3A.



Checking Your Babies

"CHECK your baby, madam? Much safer than leaving him outside alone to be kidnapped, and just as cheap." It is being done this year in the stores, shops and theaters.

Time was when even the young mother with an only child was confined within the four walls of her apartment. But those days have been passé ever since an enterprising merchant thought of the simple plan of checking the babies at the door. Everybody's doing it now, from the two big drygoods stores on West 125th Street to the moving picture house in the newer part of the city at the far end of the Queensboro Bridge. Not only is the plan an effective trade-getter, but it is a boon to the tired



mothers who are renewing their youth in the joys of being able to shop again unhampered.

In every case the man who stands guard over the long lines of carriages—sometimes as many as thirty-five at one time—is a fatherly person, twinkly eyed and smiling, calculated to inspire confidence in the most timid youngster left in his charge. The mother looks him over hesitatingly when he offers to exchange a pink check with a number on it for the precious bundle in the carriage. She notes with satisfaction that he has neither whiskers nor eyeglasses, those two bugbears of children still in the stage where age is reckoned by months rather than years. And he does look kind, she reflects. So admonishing the guardian of the potential presidents to be sure to put down the carriage top if the sun shines in little Billy's eyes, or to take him in the vestibule if it rains, she goes inside care free to learn the latest combination of knitting and purling, or to forget her household cares in the romance of the screen.

Sometimes the fatherly guard wonders whether King Solomon was kept as busy with the numerous offspring of his 3,000 wives as he is.

Sometimes there is unforeseen trouble. The blond girl baby in the English perambulator resents the advances of year-old Bobby Brown in the go-cart next her and squeals in terror at the faces he is making for her particular benefit. Or the apparently placid young lady in the carriage at the head of the line suddenly decides that she wants a little action and shows by sheer lung power that she is as good as any of them when her temper is aroused.

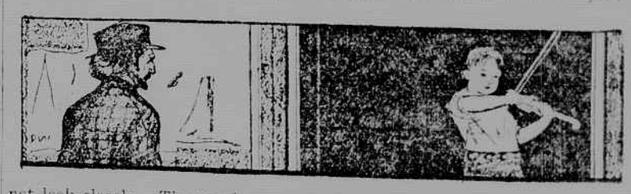
That is the trying time for the blue-coated guardian. The mother has probably omitted to mention whether she is spending her time in the art embroidery or the millinery department. Or she has made an error in her seat number in the movie house. "When I can't find their mothers," says the father pro tem., unruffled though all seven babies yell their loudest, "I do the best I can for them." And the best evidently is entirely satisfactory to the small bundles of humanity, for they are lulled to comparative quiet under his tender ministrations.

Ruching and Music

BY CONSERVATIVE estimate, a million New Yorkers resent Greenwich Village. They call it a nest of nuts and contemplate releasing a flock of squirrels on the community in the hope that they will carry away the inmates for winter consumption.

These anti-Greenwich Villagers live in The Bronx and Flatbush and Harlem and Bay Ridge. They refuse to take it seriously, if they take it at all. Occasionally they take a relative from Trumansburg or Canastota to one of the tearooms with the crazy painted windows, down in a revised coal cellar, where the relative is meagerly thrilled by the women smoking or is interested in the smocks, but usually asks to be taken to Broadway about 10 o'clock.

The housewives of other neighborhoods charge the slender, æsthetic women of the village with liberality of views. They charge them with not washing, personally and of clothes. The Village's enemies can see little worth while in the trick community, possibly because they do



not look closely. They make no exception in favor of any of the village people. They ought to, however.

Herman Kramar and his wife Minnie run a "ruching, pinking and pleating" shop on Eighth Street, just off Sixth Avenue. Their shop is sunk four steps below the street level. It consists of three rooms, including an office and sitting room, a work, sleeping and dining room and a bit of a kitchen.

For years Herman and Minnie Kramar have done the ruching, pinking and pleating for the Village. This kind of work, according to a married man who ought to know, is a kind of process by which straight, tapelike pieces of goods are made wavy. Herman and Minnie are said to do this as well as could be expected.

They are happy in their versatile rooms. Not long after the milkmen leave very little milk on the village doorsteps they arise. The Eighth Street cars are passing at half-hour intervals before they retire. Some poetry has been written by villagers about the hum of their machines.

Herman and Minnie have one child, a fat one, six years old, named Sammy. Sammy is easy to look at, being very wide all ways and with beefy cheeks. He plays cat on Eighth Street, and often goes to Ninth Street, which is without cars, to play baseball. He tears his pants frequently.

Quite a while ago some of the talented air of the village seeped into the Kramar apartments, and Herman and Minnie, under its spell, decided to cast Sammy into a musical mould. They bought him a violin, which took the price of many miles of ruching. Sammy was so small and fat that he had trouble in holding the violin and much more difficulty in playing. He finally learned some kind of an exercise which they lovingly called a piece. Sammy graduated from gallops to marches and waltzes. His violin squealed through two or more hours of each day.

Whenever a customer came, and this is the procedure at present, Sammy would be called in from wherever he was and told to practice. Soon his chubby arms would be working madly and the music of the genii of composition would issue forth. Herman and Minnie would stop their machines at first, but now Sammy easily outsounds their rumble and his parents continue ruching as he plays.

A famous teacher of violinists was called two months ago to hear Sammy play. The teacher's charge is $30 a hearing. He is not one of the underpaid teachers. He listened about $50 worth and told Herman and Minnie that Sammy had a future. He said so sincerely, and both Herman and Minnie cried a little, even wetting some of the pleats. They were happy.

Business has been booming with the Kramars. They could easily take an apartment uptown and continue their little workshop in the village. But they prefer to sleep where they work, because it's cheaper, and musical educations, like everything else, cost terrifically these days.

The critics of the Village ought to do a little investigating before making their sweeping charges.